# Reparation;

OR,

## THE SCHOOL FOR LIBERTINES.

*A DRAMATIC PIECE*

IN THREE ACTS.

BY Thomas Pike Lathy.

As Performed at the *Boſton* Theatre, with great applauſe.

Publiſhed for the Benefit of the Author.

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## Dramatis Perſonæ.

*MEN.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Lord Stanton, | | Mr Whitlock. |
| Old Latouche, | | Mr Kenny. |
| Young Latouche, | | Mr S. Powell. |
| Polaco, | | Mr Simpſon. |
| Paſtor, | | Mr Harper. |
| Landlord, | | Mr Kedey. |
| Blanco, | | Mr Villiers. |
| Chapone, | *diſguis'd as Spaniards.* | Mr Munto. |
| Firſt Ruffian, | | Mr Coles. |
| 2d. do. | | Mr Moore. |
| Child, | *about 7 years old,* | Miſs Graupner. |

Paſtor's Servant.

*WOMEN.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Julietta, | Mrs Whitlock. |
| Valence, | Mrs Harper. |

Labourers, &c. &c.

*SCENE*——Switzerland.

Time of Repreſentation, from Day-break till Night.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# Reparation;

OR,

## THE SCHOOL FOR LIBERTINES.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Inſide of a ſhabby Inn.* *Time, Day-break.*

BLANCO *diſcover'd ſleeping on a bench. A ſtool with an extinguiſh'd Lamp, and Bottle by his ſide.*

*Loud knocking without.*

BLANCO *endeavours to rouze himſelf.*

WHAT, hoa! houſe! *(Without)*

*Blanco.* *(Rubbing his eyes)* What hoa! houſe! *(mimicking)* If you don't ceaſe your knocking, you'll ſoon knock the houſe about our ears. *(Knocking again)* A plague o' your manners, I ſay—to diſturb orderly, ſober people at this time o' day! I han't ſlept time enough to recover my ſenſes—The fumes of my laſt-night's cup are hardly out of my head yet. I believe the beſt way to drive them *out*, will be to pour a freſh cargo *in*. *(Sits up, reaches the bottle and drinks)* *(Without)* *(Louder knocking)* Houſe! hoa!

*Blan.* *(Takes the bottle from his mouth and comes forward)* What with your curſed noiſe, and the confounded whizzing in my head, I think I have enough to do to keep my legs. *(Staggers)* Now, if my maſter ſhould awake (and the devil himſelf cou'dn't ſleep with ſuch a clattering about his ears) the ſhower of blows he will rain upon my ſhoulders w'on't ſteady me much; ſo, I'll e'en let you in, whoever you are, to keep your tongues ſtill, and my bones whole. *(Exit with bottle)*

*Re-enter immediately with* Lord STANTON *and* Young LATOUCHE, *in great coats and fur caps.*

*Blan.* This way, your honors, this way; I beg

your honor's pardon for keeping you ſo long at the door, but—

*Lord Stanton.* No apology, my good fellow! we diſturb you early; the darkneſs made us miſtake the road, or we ſhould have arriv'd laſt night.

*Young Latouche.* Prythee, friend! is honeſt old Joſefo, who kept this houſe ſome ten years ago, ſtill alive.

*Blan.* No! he's gone—theſe ſhoulders help'd to carry him to his grave.

*Young Lat.* How long has he been dead!

*Blan.* Juſt eight months after I came here to live; which was—let me ſee, five years laſt ſheep ſhearing.

*Young Lat.* Heaven reſt him! He was as worthy, humane, honeſt—

*Blan.* Sober man as—myſelf. *(Hiccups.)*

*Lord Stan.* Well, friend, take our great coats, and dry them; ſend your *preſent* maſter to us; then unload our chaiſe, and carry the luggage to an apartment.

*Blan.* I'll go, and ſend my maſter preſently, your honors; he lies a bed pretty late o' mornings, becauſe he crooks his elbow pretty much o' nights *(makes ſigns of drinking)* you underſtand me?

*Lord Stan.* Yes, yes, your meaning's pretty *plain.*

*Blan. Plain!* why—yes—I am a plain man for certain; but a man might not be a bit the leſs honeſt and *ſober*, for all he be *plain*; my maſter, as I was telling your honors—Lord! what a bleſſing 'tis for maſters to have honeſt, induſtrious, *ſober* ſervants. *(drinks)* Why now, if it wasn't for Blanco—but I'll ſay nothing; I'll about your honor's commands *ſtraight. (Exit reeling)*

*Lord Stan.* Ha! ha! ha! *ſtraight*, indeed!—*(turning to* Young Latouche *who appears penſive)* Why, Latouche, your native place doesn't ſeem to cheer your ſpirits; why ſo thoughtful, man?

*Young Lat.* Excuſe me, my Lord; whatever joy I might feel at my return to this much lov'd ſpot, is damp'd by the reflection of what may have been occaſion'd by my own imprudence. I left a rever'd father, a belov'd ſiſter, to fly from the torments of a hopeleſs paſſion! Should any misfortune have happened to either of them in my abſence, I ſhall ever look on myſelf as the cauſe of it.

*Lord Stan.* But, why regard only the gloomy ſide of the picture? Figure to yourſelf, a father enjoying a downhill of life, unclouded by ſorrow; cheer'd by the attentions of a much lov'd virtuous daughter; and enliven'd by the hopes of once more claſping in his arms, a ſon ripen'd to manhood, humaniz'd by a knowledge of the world, and returning to be the prop and comfort of his laſt moments. And then—

*Young Lat.* And then, my Lord, to continue your landſcape, let me behold all this ſunſhine proſpect, obſcur'd at once by beholding my Valence (whom abſence, ſo far from eraſing, has impreſs'd deeper in my heart) in the arms of another; all her vows of never-ceaſing love and truth broken; myſelf the jeſt of all my former comrades; *and then*—

*Lord Stan.* Latouche; but that I have had unequivocal proofs of your fortitude, I ſhould be almoſt tempted to doubt it. Is *this* the man, who ſo undauntedly riſk'd his life to defend mine.

*Young Lat.* My Lord; there is a wide difference between riſking one's life in the cauſe of humanity, and ſitting down calmly, the ſport of unmerited misfortune. Was it my fault, that I was born of parents inferior, in point of affluence, to my Valence's? Was it I who form'd her father's heart of ſo flinty materials, that he would rather ſacrifice his daughter to the embraces of a *rich* man ſhe *deteſted*, than ſee her happy in the arms of a *poor* man ſhe *lov'd?*

*Lord Stan.* All granted; but you may ſtill find your Valence conſtant; and if riches are the only obſtacle to your happineſs; my poſſeſſions are far ſuperior to her father's; and thoſe I need not tell you, you may command. Come! come! cheer up! wandering during the whole night has depreſs'd your ſpirits, you muſt—

*Enter* LANDLORD *in nightgown and cap.*

*Landlord.* Gentlemen, I am your honors moſt obedient——

*Lord Stan.* The maſter of the houſe, I preſume—

*Land.* At your honor's ſervice.

*Lord Stan.* You're juſt in time, I was going to pre-

ſcribe to my friend here, who is fatigued, and low ſpirited, a drop of your cordial—

*Land.* Truly, a moſt ſovereign preſcription! For theſe fifty years that I have kept an Inn, I never once knew my *light-wines* fail to cure *heavy hearts*.

*Lord Stan.* The Malaga, a bottle warm'd with ſome ſpice—we'll follow you preſently—— *(Exit Landlord)* Come, Latouche, by the time you've got to the *bottom* of the *bottle*, you'll—

*Young Lat.* Excuſe me, my Lord; duty is before every other conſideration, I muſt fly to my father.

*Lord Stan.* You wouldn't, ſurely, be raſh enough, after ſo long an abſence; conſider how dangerous the ſurpriſe may be.

*Young Lat. (Pauſes)* I believe you are right, my Lord; my impatience renders me too precipitate.

*Lord Stan.* Take my advice; diſpatch a meſſenger to bring him hither; I ſhall go to reſt for a while; but will be ready to receive him, and break your arrival; and, as lovers don't ſtand in need of reſt, when near the belov'd object, you go in ſearch of yours.

*Young Lat.* Oh! my Lord—

*Lord Stan.* Love and Duty now are at even and odd. Do you go ſettle the one, and leave the other to me—But ſtay—your change of dreſs has made an agreeable amendment in your perſon——this, perhaps, *(giving him a purſe)* will be no diſagreeable addition to your pocket, if not in your miſtreſs's eyes, at leaſt in her father's.

*Young Lat.* My Lord, you overwhelm me with your bounty—

*Lord Stan.* No more of that!—had not Providence ſent you to my reſcue, that *droſs* had been uſeleſs to me; can I do leſs than ſhare it with *him*, who riſk'd his exiſtence for *me*. I don't think of repaying your ſervices—Heaven alone can do that.—So go, ſee your miſtreſs, and be bleſs'd. *(Exit.*

*Young Lat.* *(ſolus)* Bleſs'd!—yes, were I aſſured that my father and ſiſter were alive and well, and my Valence true hearted, I ſhould be the happieſt dog in the creation!—But, I don't know why, ſomething damps my riſing joy—

*Enter* BLANCO.

*Blan.* Your honor, the wine and a good fire are ready in the inner room.

*Young Lat.* *(Aſide)* It may be without reaſon—I'll try to ſhake off this groundleſs fear.——(*To Blanco*) Hark'ye, honeſt fellow, do you know Old Latouche, whoſe houſe is at the foot of the mountain about five miles hence?

*Blan.* Oh yes—But he has never been in this houſe ſince old maſter's death.

*Young Lat.* But he lives—?

*Blan.* I'm very ſure of that—for if he'd been dead, they couldn't have buried him without my help—nothing done in this village without Blanco!

*Young Lat.* Thank Heav'n! I'm one doubt lighter, I have ſtill a father!—Well, my good Blanco, and his daughter—

*Blan.* I know nothing about *her*. The old man hasn't been our cuſtomer, as I ſaid before, ſince old Joſefo's death——I did hear he was melancholy about a 'ſcape grace ſon, that run away and turn'd ſoldier, and all for love of a woman.

*Young Lat.* Whew! there's a cut and thruſt!—well, Blanco, *can* you do me a ſervice?

*Blan.* *You* ought to know whether I *can* or not.

*Young Lat.* But *will* you?

*Blan.* If I *can*, I *will*; for look ye, your honor; tho' I love my bottle as well as I love my life, dam'me, but I'd lay down either to ſerve my fellow creatures!

*Young Lat.* Would you? give me your hand.——The ſervice I require of you will not be dangerous; 'tis only to go on an errand to Old Latouche's.

*Blan.* I'll do't, your honor—you cou'dn't have found a fitter man in the whole village to ſend of an errand, only ſomehow or other, I am main apt to forget it before I'm got half way; but if your honor will put it down in black and white—

*Young Lat.* I will—follow me, and I'll write the letter inſtantly—and look'ye—here's ſomething for your trouble in going; and, if your return be ſpeedy, I will give you another. [*Exit.*

*Blan.* *(solus)* Hey! what! a Crown! *(rubbing his eyes)* Do I ſee clear? or does my morning's draught make me ſee double? No, 'tis as I live; well! I declare, what a fine thing it is to go of an errand for ſuch a free hearted gentleman! I do believe, now, that if he were to put ſuch another piece of money into my hand, with ſuch a good natured look, and ſay "good Blanco, go to the Devil"—I ſhould be tempted to go, if I could but find the way.

## SONG.

BLANCO is my name,
And I've got the fame
Of a dev'liſh honeſt, clever, handy fellow;
For all work, d'ye ſee,
I'll fit you to a T.
But I always come off beſt, when I'm mellow.

I know not how 'tis
With a watery quiz,
Without wine, I'm like a fiſh that's out of water;
And I never knew,
My ſteps half ſo true,
As when I carried ſuch a load, that I'd totter.

When I wake, all's buz!
I take t'other guz, *(Drinks)*
Then I trips it off, ſo neatly, and ſo ſteady;
At night if I reel,
Till head takes place of heel,
You can only ſay, my maſter's wine is heady.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Swiſs view behind—Sunriſe—Peaſants diſcovered going to labor.*

*Song and Chorus, by the peaſants.*

*Enter* POLACO *and* VALENCE.

*Polaco.* To work! to work! ye ſluggiſh knaves! was there any ſhame in ye, the blazing ſun would diſ-

cover it; but no—ye can eat, drink and ſing; that's all ye are good for, ye lazy, lubberly, idle, giggling, tittle tattling—

*Valence.* My dear ſir, how can you be ever ſcolding the folks ſo—they all ſtrive to do their beſt.

*Pol.* Hold your curſed clack! can't you be content to be ever thwarting and vexing me yourſelf, but you muſt encourage my labourers to do the ſame—(*To Labourers*) go about your buſineſs! to work, I ſay!

[*Exeunt Labourers.*

—and now, Miſs, a word with *you*—you know after infinite trouble, I have at length found a huſband for you—one of the greateſt, dignified Grandees in all Spain!

*Val.* Lord, Sir, what ſignifies all his dignity, and grandeur to me, ſo I *can't* love him.

*Pol.* But you *ſhall* love him; and, if you don't, I'll turn you adrift to periſh like a miſerable wretch, as old Latouche did his daughter.

*Val.* How can you, Sir, delight to torture me ſo; you know ſhe was the friend, the companion of my youth.

*Pol.* Yes; and her hopeful, runaway, ſixpence-a-day ſoldier of a brother! he was the friend and companion of your youth too. I know what makes you ſo attach'd to that name. However, thank fortune! he has not been heard of theſe ten years; ſo you may give him up for loſt, and if you don't think fit to marry Don Chicano, Eſtrapada, De Olla Podrida, Grandee of Spain, Knight of La Mancha, and Viceroy of Barataria.

*Enter* CHAPONE *diſguiſed as a Spaniard, and ſtrutting with a vaſt deal of affected dignity.*

*Chap.* Right, Polaco, very right. After the pains I have condeſcended to take, to inſtruct you in the names of my titles, honours, and dignities, you have, at length, got them pretty perfect; but to what purpoſe were you reciting them now?

*Pol.* In order, your Highneſs, to impreſs on my daughter's mind the higheſt ſenſe of your dignity, and of the honour you intend her. (*Bowing very low*)

*Chap.* Honor, indeed! hem! *(aſide)* if you knew all. Well, Polaco, you may go about your buſineſs now; I wiſh to have ſome private conference with your daughter;

*Pol.* Well, your Highneſs, I obey, I go. *(aſide)* 'Egad theſe Grandees are damn'd inſolent fellows! more titles than manners! *(Going)*

*Chap.* What's that you ſay?

*Pol.* That I hop'd your Highneſs would excuſe any want of manners.

*Chap.* Oh, very well: Retire! *(Exit* POLACO, *bowing very reſpectfully)* Well, Valence, have my rank and figure yet made any impreſſion on your heart? *(ſtrutting about)*

*Val.* No. *Chap.* How ſo?

*Val.* Becauſe my heart is not diſpos'd to receive them.

*Chap.* Can you be ſo blind to your own intereſt as to refuſe the offers of a man of my condition?

*Val.* Yes; of any condition—if——

*Chap.* If what?

*Val.* If I don't *love* him.

*Chap.* And don't you love *me?*

*Val.* No. *Chap.* Why ſo?

*Val.* Becauſe, as I have ſeveral times before candidly told you, I love another.

*Chap.* What, that low bred vagabond, young Latouche!

*Val.* Sir, whatever your condition may be, you don't ſeem poſſeſs'd of either politeneſs or generoſity, or you would ſcorn to inſult an helpleſs woman, or aſperſe an abſent man.

*Chap.* Were he of my rank, I ſhould not treat him ſo! but we, Grandees, think it inconſiſtent with our dignity to treat ſuch common plebeians like rational creatures.

*Val.* Then, I am ſure, I can't wonder at your treatment of me; ſo, I ſhall take my leave of your dignity. *(Curteſying, ſneeringly, and going.)*

*Chap.* Hold! not ſo faſt! *(ſtopping her)* Let me tell you that I have your father's conſent, and I think

but little of your's. He has authoris'd me to take any ſteps,—

*Val.* But thoſe of *a gentleman*, which, by your behaviour, appears to be alſo inconſiſtent with your dignity.

*Chap.* There is no bearing this inſolence! know then, if you will not give your conſent, I will have you without. (*aſide*) Her father is gone; nobody near, every thing convenient; it ſhall be ſo!—(to VALENCE) Nay what ſhould hinder me from embracing the preſent opportunity.

(*Going to catch her in his arms, ſhe puſhes him off*)

*Val.* Is it becoming the dignity of a Grandee of Spain, as you call yourſelf, to aſſault helpleſs, unprotected innocence?

*Chap.* Our privilege is to do as we pleaſe with thoſe of the lower order. So, come! reſiſtance is vain (*lays hold of her, ſhe ſtruggles.*)

*Val.* Villain! abandoned wretch! help! help!

*Enter* YOUNG LATOUCHE.

Hands off, Ruffian! I ſhall find hotter work for you than a female's ſoft hands can beſtow.

*Val.* (*Turns to Young Lat. and falls in his arms*) Heavens! Latouche!

*Young Lat.* Valence! my love! I came pretty ſeaſonably here, I believe.

*Chap.* And who are you, raſcal! who dare thus intrude?—

*Young Lat.* No *raſcal*; but a man who dares intrude any where, to defend female innocence from the attacks of a *raſcal.*

*Chap.* Inſolent fellow! know you whom you talk to?

*Young Lat.* No; nor care!—but you are talking to Latouche, who always thinks a villain, even of the higheſt rank, beneath him; and never fears to tell him ſo.

*Chap.* I will have ſatisfaction.

*Young Lat.* You ſhall this inſtant; and I wiſh every ſcoundrel, who dares to lay hands of violence on a woman, may receive the *ſatisfaction*, I hope to give you. Come, Sir, why don't you draw?

*Chap.* A gentleman never draws his ſword in the preſence of a female.

*Young Lat.* I underſtand you. Withdraw a little, Valence, while I revenge the brutal inſult offer'd you.

*Val.* Heaven protect you, my dear Latouche!

*Exit.*

*Young Lat.* Now, Sir—(*Chapone heſitates and trembles*) Why don't you draw?

*Chap.* I never fight with one who is not a *gentleman.* When you can prove your title to the honor of meaſuring ſwords with a Grandee of Spain, I am your man.

*Young Lat. Man!* none of that name ever offer'd violence to a woman—Thing! Reptile! Coward!—What, do you ſtill heſitate? Draw, or I ſhall kick your Grandeeſhip.

*Chap.* Do with me what you pleaſe, I will not fight.

*Young Lat.* Not fight! How dare you then wear a ſword, without courage to uſe it even in defence of your villainy; give it me. (*Takes Chapone's ſword from him*) Now, Sir, as you don't chuſe to uſe the blade, you ſhall have what every poltroon deſerves, the ſcabbard. (*beats him with the ſcabbard*)

*Chap.* Help! help! Mercy! Murder! (*Falling on his knees.*)

*Enter* VALENCE *and* POLACO, (*oppoſite ſides*)

*Val.* Bravo! Don't ſpare him!

*Pol.* Hey! what! Dignity in a hobble! what's the meaning of all this! Pray young man, who are you? and how dare you uſe his Highneſs thus?

*Chap.* (*Getting up, and going the other ſide of Polaco.*) Oh, Polaco, I'm glad you're returned:—Scarcely were you gone, when, on my knees, I endeavour'd to perſuade your daughter to conſent to our union; when that ruffian there, taking advantage of my defenceleſs poſture, ruſh'd on me ſuddenly from behind, ſnatch'd away my ſword, and I dare ſay was going to rob, and, perhaps, murder me.

*Val.* Dear Sir, don't believe a word of it! No ſooner had you turn'd your back than he offer'd me violence; and had not my Latouche come to my aid—

*Pol.* Who! Hey—What the devil! 'tis he ſure enough; what brought you here?

*Young Lat.* Your daughter's ſcreams drew me to protect her from the hands of that villain.

*Pol.* And pray who made *you* her *protector?*

*Young Lat.* My duty as a man—and he who wouldn't fly to aſſiſt an injur'd woman is not only undeſerving of that name, but deſerves to be blotted from the ſcrol of life.

*Pol.* Dam'me; but he's a noble minded fellow! and if his purſe was as large as his heart, he were worth a million of dignified boobies! (*aſide*) Valence get you home inſtantly.

*Val.* Good by'e, my dear Latouche!—

*Pol.* (*Sees* Young Latouche *kiſſing her hand*) Hey—what Miſs Impudence don't you hear what I ſay to you.

*Val.* Yes, Sir, but gratitude to my Protector will not ſuffer me to leave him without ſome trifling acknowledgment.

*Pol.* Oh, the devil! I ſhall have her run away with before my face. Why doesn't your Highneſs aſſiſt me. (*pulling* Valence *from* Young Latouche, Chapone *is advancing, when* Young Latouche, *quits* Valence's *hand and holds up the ſcabbard,* Chapone *inſtantly flies back.*)

*Young Lat.* Look'ye, Sir, (*to Polaco*) You, as my Valence's father I reſpect, and reſign her to you; but for that reptile (*pointing to* Chapone) if ever he comes in my way again, I'll crop his ears as an example for all dignified ſcoundrels.

*Pol.* Your inſult to his Highneſs will not paſs unnoticed; ſo, Mr Soldier, you had beſt ſet out on another campaign, before the law takes you in hand.

*Young Lat.* The Law, Sir, is made to protect, not to oppreſs; and an honeſt man need never fear its rigor. Let ſuch villians as thoſe (*pointing to* Chapone) tremble. Your threats can't intimidate me, while I am in poſſeſſion of two of the law's beſt advocates—a *good cauſe,* and a *full purſe.* (*Shewing a Purſe*)

*Cha.* The ruffian has, no doubt, ſtolen that purſe and the cloaths on his back.

*Pol.* Like enough; and wants to ſteal my daughter.

*Young Lat.* Let me aſſure you, Sir, that it is not my

intention to gain your daughter in a clandeſtine manner: If you will hear a few words, I hope to convince you that my pretenſions to her—

*Pol.* *Your* pretenſions; ha! ha! ha! the ſavings of a ſoldier's pay—

*Chap.* Or the booty he has gain'd on the highway.

*Young Lat.* If you wiſh to avoid a repetition of this good, wholeſome advice (*ſhewing the ſcabbard*) you will retire.

*Chap.* Come, Polaco, let's be going, the fellow may grow deſperate.

*Pol.* Only one word more; I ſhall take pretty good care to keep my daughter out of your way, ſo good by'e Mr Six-pence-a-day. (*Exit with Valence.*)

*Chap.* Good by'e, Mr Ruffian!

*Young Lat.* Scoundrel! (*threatens him with the ſcabbard, he runs off after* POLACO; *and* YOUNG LATOUCHE, *exit on the oppoſite ſide.*)

SCENE, *a room in the Inn.*

LORD STANTON *diſcovered, ſitting, in a thoughtful manner.*

Conſcience, conſcience! what a perpetual goad art thou to the breaſt of an offender! Eight years have elapſed ſince, in making the tour of Europe, I viſited this ſpot; and firſt beheld the lovely ruſtic Julietta, whom I moſt inſidiouſly beguiled of her innocence. Neither time, nor the diſſipations of London have been able to drive her from my memory; and the inward monitor has, with never ceaſing auſterity, whiſper'd me, that it was a villainous act, firſt to ſeduce and then abandon to the world's ſcorn, a beauteous girl, whoſe only failing was an unbounded confidence in my vows. Vows! falſe as hell.

*Enter* OLD LATOUCHE.

*Old Lat.* Your ſervant, Sir.

*Lord Stan.* Sir, your's.

*Old Lat.* My name is Latouche; and you, I preſume, are the gentleman to whom I am to apply for tidings of my ſon, according to the letter I received juſt now.

*Lord Stan.* You are right, Sir,

*Old Lat.* Heaven reward you! (*weeps*) I thought the fountains of my eyes were exhauſted; but they flow afreſh. Pardon me, Sir, theſe are the firſt tears of the kind I have ſhed for many a year; for they are tears of joy—of joy for my boy's ſafety!

*Lord Stan.* May you never have occaſion to ſhed any other!

*Old Lat.* Bleſs you for that wiſh! Pray, Sir, haſten to indulge my anxious curioſity to know where my ſon is—when I may expect to ſee him.

*Lord Stan.* He will be here ſoon.

*Old Lat.* *Soon!* perhaps ſoon enough to cloſe his poor old father's eyes.

*Lord Stan.* Soon enough, I hope, to revive his heart, and cheer him for many a year to come.—He is not far off.

*Old Lat.* How came he by the honor of your acquaintance, Sir?

*Lord Stan.* The honor is on my ſide. The acquaintance of a brave, worthy man is a bleſſing ſeldom obtain'd—never enough to be valued! Ours commenced by his riſking his life in defence of mine, againſt a band of aſſaſſins who attack'd me in a gloomy foreſt which I paſs'd in my journey; a ſervant, whom I hir'd in Paris, prov'd to be in league with them; and join'd them at the beginning of the attack. My efforts were exhauſted, and I was nearly overpower'd by numbers, when your gallant ſon, returning to his native place, beheld the unequal conflict, and flew to my aid; the villains were ſoon put to flight, therefore to him am I indebted for exiſtence.

*Old Lat.* My boy is not only alive then, but generous, and brave; merciful Heaven! thou haſt heard my prayers. Now grant me to claſp him once more in theſe worn out arms, and I ſhall die contented!

*Lord Stan.* Perhaps my good old friend! Heaven in compaſſion of your paſt ſorrows has reſtor'd your long loſt ſon, and deſtined you yet many years of happineſs.

*Old Lat.* Happineſs! oh! no; a ſmall gleam of that can ever fall to my lot! the preſence of my ſon

may, indeed, enliven the gloom at intervals, but cannot eradicate entirely the preſſure I feel here. (*pointing to his breaſt and weeping*) Excuſe me, Sir, I am old and weak. The iron rod of affliction has fallen heavy on me, and bruis'd me ſorely; I feel the period approaching, when the cold, yet friendly, hand of death, will cloſe the woeful account.

*Lord Stan.* Nay, nay, baniſh every care; your ſon is arriv'd, he has acquainted me with the cauſe of his leaving home, I will remove it; to a heart overflowing with gratitude, heaven has added the ability to beſtow on the brave youth that qualification ſo eſſential in the eyes of the world—*Riches!* He may now boldly aſk his miſtreſs in marriage—I will pay the marriage portion, and you may ſtill live bleſs'd in your children.

*Old Lat.* My children! diſtraction! there ſticks the barbed point which no human ſkill can ever extract! there lies the wound which none but the grand phyſician, Death, can ever heal! My children! oh! oh!—I have but one! my poor daughter!

*Lord Stan.* Your ſon has often mentioned his ſiſter in the moſt affectionate terms.—Nothing, I hope, has befallen her!—you do not grieve on her account?

*Old Lat.* Alas, Sir, ſhe is—*dead!* and, perhaps, I, her unnatural father, haſten'd the dreadful cataſtrophe.

*Lord Stan.* Heaven forbid!

*Old Lat.* How ſhall I look my poor boy in the face after my unnatural behaviour to his darling ſiſter?

*Lord Stan.* If the circumſtances be not too painful to your feelings, pray relate them to me; pour your griefs into mine, as into the boſom of a friend; let me condole with you, and ſtrive to alleviate your diſtreſſes.

*Old Lat.* Your friendſhip I cannot accept, becauſe I do not deſerve it. None but the *worthy* can be the friends of the *worthy*. An unnatural parent deſerves to be abandoned to the ſociety of his fellow brutes. (*ſobs violently.*)

*Lord Stan.* Nay, nay, be not thus ſevere—inflict not theſe deadly wounds—have mercy on yourſelf.

*Old Lat.* 'Twas more than I had on my poor child, my poor loſt, undone Julietta! (*pauſe*) Pardon me, ſir,

'tis a hard taſk for a guilty mind to unburthen itſelf, but I will endeavour to comply with your requeſt. My boy left me in the utmoſt deſpair, dreading the dangers which the phrenzy of hopeleſs love might drive him into. My remaining child ſat with me, wept with me, reaſon'd with me, and lull'd me with hopes into a kind of placid ſtupor. Near two years elaps'd in this manner, when ſhe became penſive—ſigh'd—ſeem'd to wiſh to avoid even my company—and when her eyes met mine, I could obſerve them bedew'd with tears. Suppoſing grief for her brother's hopeleſs return to be the cauſe, I, in my turn, endeavoured to conſole her, but in vain! Deſpairing at length of being able to conceal it from me much longer, ſhe related the dreadful ſtory—*ſhe had been ſeduc'd, and abandon'd by a villain!*

*Lord Stan.* God of nature! what do I hear? (*after a pauſe*) did ſhe mention who her ſeducer was?

*Old Lat.* Inflam'd almoſt to madneſs at the diſhonourable tidings, I could ſcarcely reſtrain myſelf whilſt her poor broken heart ſobb'd out the circumſtances.—He was an Engliſhman, of diſtinguiſhed birth, on his travels.

*Lord Stan.* An Engliſhman did ſhe ſay?

*Old Lat.* She did. As an excuſe for parting, he told my poor girl that his father was at the point of death, and had commanded his inſtant appearance at home; but that he would return as ſoon as his father's death or recovery would permit him, and marry her. And worſe, ten thouſand times worſe than devil, I! to turn her out to the ſcorn of the world, to want and infamy!

*Lord Stan.* Wretched father! (*much affected.*)

*Old Lat.* You are too much affected, Sir. Your ſpotleſs ſoul bleeds at the bare recital of ſuch conſummate villainy.

*Lord Stan.* O torture! torture! the name, time, place, all agree; and I am the curs'd author of all this miſery—but I muſt, I will be ſatisfied, (*aſide.*) Go on.

*Old Lat.* Rather let me bury the ſequel in this dark breaſt, than wound your ſenſibility any farther.

*Lord Stan.* No, proceed—I entreat you to tell me what became of your unhappy daughter.

*Old Lat.* Deaf to the cries of nature, her tears, intreaties and condition, I ſpurn'd her from me, drove her from the houſe. Curſes, curſes on my unnatural inflexibility! (*pauſe*) ſhe at length gain'd admittance into the family of a worthy Paſtor in the neighbourhood, where, as I heard,—ſhe died in childbed, unbleſs'd! unforgiven!

*Lord Stan.* Horrid! horrid! (*ſinks into a chair*) the child! what became of her helpleſs child?

*Old Lat.* Heaven, too merciful to entruſt it to my ſavage care, took it with her!

*Lord Stan.* The child too dead!—Villain! villain! (*pauſe*) Did ſhe leave no meſſage for her baſe ſeducer in caſe of his return.

*Old Lat.* I know not.

*Lord Stan.* But *I* will know (*riſing, violently agitated*) *I* will ſee the worthy Paſtor.

*Enter* YOUNG LATOUCHE.

*Young Lat.* My father! my honour'd father! (*kneels to him.*)

*Old Lat.* My ſon! my ſon! (*embraces him.*)

*Curtain falls.*

END OF ACT IſT.

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter* CHAPONE, *and two Ruffians.*

*Cha.* Well, my friends, now we are private, adieu to diſtinction! I lay aſide my dignity, you your ſervitude. You know our various coups de main rendered it neceſſary for us to decamp to this diſtant ſpot: if I ſucceed in marrying Polaco's daughter, you are to retire where you pleaſe with five hundred crowns each. The father we have completely gull'd—the daughter ſtill reſiſts all my attacks, in conſequence of her love for Young Latouche, who, as ill luck will have it, is thrown in our way. He muſt be *removed!*

*1ſt Ruffian.* But how?

*Chap.* That is what I want to conſult you upon; I know, by experience, you are not chicken hearted, conſcientious dogs, afraid of ſpilling a little blood.

*2d Ruff.* Not if it can be done with ſafety.

*Chap.* Right! Polaco has forbidden my rival his houſe, and all intercourſe with his daughter; he will, therefore, naturally endeavour to gain a private interview with her; that's what I wiſh—we muſt way-lay, and overpower him.

*1ſt Ruff.* But he is courageous, you ſay.

*2d. Ruff.* And deſperate.

*Chap.* True; but policy and numbers will ever prove an over-match for bravery. We muſt; but hark! I hear footſteps! Let us retire, and look out.

(*They Retire.*)

*Enter* BLANCO.

Blanco! thou art a lucky dog! little did I think when I crept to my ſtraw-bed laſt night, that I ſhould riſe to ſuch good luck in the morning; well, I was always a man of buſineſs, but it never ſhower'd ſo thick upon me before; I've mounted from the poſt of cleaner of mules, and drawer of four wine, to the important office of letter-carrier, a love-letter too! I dare ſwear, for its from a *man* to a *woman*, and a handſome price paid for the poſtage. I don't know how I ſhall fill my laſt employment, for as I never ogled the girls much, I don't know one little, cunning, ſly, gypſey in the village to give me a lift, and I believe one is curſedly at a loſs in theſe affairs without the aſſiſtance of a petticoat. Hey! what's that? (*a noiſe*) By heaven! here's one coming, I've tried the bottle, till I've drown'd baſhfulneſs, that's one point gain'd; and now I'll try what ſort of a hand I can make of wheedling the girls.

(*Retires up the Stage.*)

*Enter* VALENCE.

Cruel father! can any thing be ſo inflexibly obdurate as thy heart! Love, they ſay, is the ſtrongeſt of paſſions; but ſurely Avarice goes beyond it. Friendſhip, nay Generoſity, have, in ſome inſtances, triumph'd over Love; but Avarice is unconquerable by either. Paren-

tal affection, the ſtrongeſt of human ties, is totally diſregarded when in competition with it: and we daily ſee unnatural father's ſacrificing their children's happineſs in this world to the ſordid and baſe conſideration of wealth! I have ſtolen out to meet Latouche; why doesn't the ſpirit who preſides over Love tell it him by inſtinct; or why does he not contrive ſome means of ſending me a letter? (*Muſing*)

*Blan.* (*aſide*) Egad! here's one deviliſhly in *want* of a letter, and I curſedly in *want* to diſpoſe of one; what a pity but this now (*pulling out a letter*) could ſatisfy both our wants.

*Val.* If his love for me be diſintereſted enough to diſregard Fortune, I'm reſolved to have him whether my father likes it or not.

*Blan.* (*aſide*) That's a *dutiful* child!

*Val.* Now if I could but meet him—

*Blan.* (*advancing*) Who, my pretty, ſweet, dear?

*Val.* Heavens! who are you?

*Blan.* Juſt what you are in ſearch of, a *man!* and a true man—for he who ſticks to his bottle will never deſert his laſs.

*Val.* What brought you here?

*Blan.* Pretty much the ſame errand that brought you; *you* came to look for a *man*; *I*, a *woman*.

*Val.* Who may ſhe be?

*Blan.* If, as I overheard you ſay juſt now, you are in love, I may venture to truſt you with the ſecrets of lovers; and you may, perhaps have fellow-feeling enough to help their concerns—Read that.

(*Shewing the letter.*)

*Val.* Heavens, 'tis my dear Latouche's hand-writing!

*Blan.* Faith, that's the gentleman's name.

*Val.* And directed to *me!*

*Blan.* To *you?*

*Val.* Yes; and *your* guardian angel has guided your footſteps right. (*Reads the letter to herſelf.*)

*Blan.* (*while ſhe reads*) Well then my guardian angel is a dev'liſh honeſt fellow. I always carry him in my pocket, (*takes out a bottle*) and whether my foot-

ſteps are right or not, is juſt according to the homage I pay him. (*Drinks*)

*Val.* (*putting up the letter*) My good fellow, go back to him ſtraight —

*Blan.* I will, that's if I can.

*Val.* And tell him I've no opportunity here to write, but if he comes to the little wood at the end of the garden gate about ſun-ſet, I will contrive to meet him; here, take this for thy fidelity and pains.

(*Gives him a purſe, and exit kiſſing the letter*)

*Blan.* (*Examining the purſe*) Bleſs your pretty face I ſay; who wouldn't be faithful and pains-taking for ſuch a ſweet, little good-natured ſoul! If *I* had ſuch a ſweetheart, and didn't do my duty by her, I wiſh my next drop might be my poiſon! (*Drinks*)

## *SONG.*

The women, Lord bleſs 'em!
The man, who'd diſtreſs 'em,
Deſerves to be poiſon'd, I'm ſure;
From the fair, now a ſmile
Will our ſorrows beguile
Like a bottle of wine that is pure.

When in amorous prattle,
Their tongues tittle tattle,
And the ſoft notes of love they breathe out;
They cheer like old Sack,
Champaigne, Frontinac,
Or a bottle of beer call'd Brown Stout.

With women and wine,
Man's life how divine,
Such joys none but fools would neglect;
And may my next bottle,
Stick faſt in my throttle,
When I don't pay 'em proper reſpect.

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter* CHAPONE *and* RUFFIANS.

*Chap.* "*If he comes to the little wood at the end of the*

*garden gate about ſun-ſet, I will contrive to meet him.*"—So we will, all, hey, boys?

*1ſt and 2d Ruff.* Ay, ay;

*Chap.* As he will expect to meet only his miſtreſs, he will be ſure to come alone; what ſay you? could we wiſh a finer opportunity?

*1ſt Ruff.* There will not be much danger, it ſeems.

*Chap.* Not the leaſt; he will come prepar'd for *love*, not *war*; and we may make as eaſy a conqueſt of him, as ever miſtreſs did of a lover. Let us now ſeparate; be it your care (*to 1ſt Ruff.*) to watch at the *decoy*; and, when the game hovers round, do you (*to 2d Ruff.*) give me notice that I may haſten to *cloſe* the *net*.

(*Exeunt different ways.*)

## SCENE.——*The Inn.*

LORD STANTON *diſcoverd, penſive.*

"*She had been ſeduc'd and abandon'd by a villain.*" ! ! !—Theſe were the old man's words; and who is the villain? I would give the univerſe that the epithet did not attach here! (*his breaſt*) but even hope, the wretch's laſt refuge, flies from me, and dreadful certainty ſupplies its place. Every circumſtance concurs; conſcience decrees me villain; and executes, itſelf, its dreadful puniſhment; whom have I injur'd? an old grey headed man, already ſinking beneath misfortune's rude billows; a brave young man, who preſerv'd my life with the hazard of his own; a young innocent female, bleſs'd with the utmoſt purity of ſoul, that is—damnation! all the devils of hell cannot invent a name black enough for that crime! (*ſtands, hearing ſome one coming*) who's there?

*Enter* YOUNG LATOUCHE.

*Young Lat.* My Lord, pardon my boldneſs, but, hearing your tone of voice unuſually high, I was afraid ſomething had created your diſpleaſure.

*Lord Stan.* Guilt! guilt! what a coward doſt thou make me! rather would I meet the poignards of a thouſand aſſaſſins, than the looks of the man I have injur'd! (*aſide.*)

*Young Lat.* My dear Lord!—(*advancing nearer*)

*Lord Stan.* How would his affectionate ſtile be chang'd, did he but know he addreſs'd himſelf to the murderer of his family's peace ; oh !

(*takes out his handkerchief*)

*Young Lat.* Pardon me, my Lord, if gratitude, and affection—

*Lord Stan.* Why will he ſtill cruelly perſiſt to urge the fatal dart, which already tortures to madneſs my quiv'ring frame. (*aſide*)

*Young Lat.* My Lord, (*approaches, kneels and takes his hand*) my heart bleeds to ſee you thus diſturb'd, can I, or any one related to me, have—

*Lord Stan.* Madneſs ! Madneſs !—Latouche, (*raiſing him*) would I could lay my heart open ; you would not then doubt the ſincerity of its affection to you. But at preſent, ſome paſt reflexions derange me ; to-morrow, perhaps, I'll explain what paſſes in this tortur'd breaſt. Farewell !— (*Exit.*

*Young Lat.* (*ſolus*) What can this ſudden change mean ? Inſtead of the pleaſure which uſed to ſparkle in his eye when we met, he now ſtudiouſly avoids me. My own breaſt is conſcious of no offence. Time and the will of Providence may diſcloſe its mazy paths.

*Enter* BLANCO.

*Blan.* Here I am, your honor.

*Young Lat.* Well, Blanco, what news !

*Blan.* In the firſt place, I am ſo fatigu'd with my morning's work, that my *ſpirits (holding up his empty bottle)* are quite *exhauſted.* *Young Lat.* Pſha !

*Blan.* In the next place, I have deliver'd your letter.

*Young Lat.* Have you ? and you have brought another in anſwer ? *Blan.* No.

*Young Lat.* No ! ſtupid aſs !

*Blan.* Hold, your honor.

*Young Lat.* To whom did you deliver mine ?

*Blan.* To one, who kiſs'd it ſo ! that I believe you would fain have had your lips in its place.

*Young Lat.* My dear fellow !

*Blan.* Hold again ! How tranſitory are the affairs of this life ! not a minute ago you call'd me "*ſtupid aſs,*" now tis, "*my dear fellow !*"

*Young Lat.* Don't keep me in ſuſpence, what did ſhe ſay to you?

*Blan.* Why the only thing of conſequence ſhe ſaid to *me*, was, that "I was a faithful, pains-taking fellow" and gave me this purſe as a reward.

*Young Lat.* The devil! But what did ſhe tell you to ſay to *me?*

*Blan.* To *you?* nothing material, only, that "if you came to the little wood at the end of the garden gate about ſun-ſet, ſhe would contrive to meet you."

*Young Lat.* Did ſhe; look ye, Blanco, continue to be as faithful as you have begun; and, when I am married I'll take care you ſhall never be out of SPIRITS all the reſt of your life. (*Exit.*)

*Blan.* (*ſolus*) Sha'n't I? Why then "*fidelity's*" the watchword! and, dam'me, if I don't think one ſip gain'd by that, is worth a whole gallon earn'd by roguery. (*Exit*)

SCENE—*A room in* POLACO'S *houſe.*

*Enter* POLACO *and* CHAPONE.

*Pol.* Can this be true? are you certain of your information?

*Chap.* My ſervants ſaw her take the letter from Blanco, and heard her make the appointment.

*Pol.* The devil they did! why then there's no time to be loſt! what can we do?

*Chap.* Why, lookye Polaco; plot and counterplot! I have a ſcheme if you will give into it—

*Pol.* I'll give into any thing rather than ſee the baggage run away with a beggar.

*Chap.* Why then leave all to me—Inſtead of your daughter, he ſhall meet thoſe who will keep him out of the way till our marriage takes place.

*Pol.* Will you? you have my free conſent, and hearty wiſhes; we'll have the wedding to night, and then the poor Soldier may ſet out for head quarters tomorrow.

*Chap.* Spoke with ſpirit! But mind, Polaco! not a word of what has paſs'd to your daughter! her ingenuity may communicate our diſcovery to him, and

fruſtrate our plan, only keep watch ; and if ſhe goes out at the garden gate at the time appointed, you will be aſſur'd of the truth of my information, there will be no danger ; I ſhall take care there will be no one there to meet her but myſelf.

*Pol.* Excellent contrivance ! your highneſs has only now to ſign the mortgage of your eſtates for the ſtipulated dowry ; it is ready in my cloſet, and then this night --

*Chap.* Makes you father in law to a Grandee of Spain ; he ! Polaco. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. ——*A Chamber in Paſtor's houſe.*

*Julietta diſcover'd reading on a Sofa ; child aſleep by her.*

'Tis in vain ! nothing can relieve my perturb'd mind. *Society !* makes me miſerable by contraſting the light and airy joys of pure and unſullied minds, with the gloomy ſenſations of my own contaminated breaſt. *Retirement !* gives me up to all the horrors of reflexion upon the fatal conſequences of my paſt imprudence. *Books !* teach me that virtue and prudence are the nobleſt ornaments of the female ſex ; and that deſpair, infamy, and want are the deſerv'd portion of thoſe who quit their paths. I'll read no more ! (*throws away the book*) Merciful Heaven ! inſtruct me where my ſorrows can find vent—my broken ſpirits conſolation ! Thou, too, hapleſs innocent ! muſt partake my guilt ! cruel inhumanity ! to give miſery to whom we give birth !—And *thou !* who, by faithleſs vows of conſtancy and truth, melted my yielding fancy to love's impreſſion, and blurr'd the native purity of my ſoul with folly ! dos't thou eſcape remorſe's deadly fangs !—Perhaps, even now, thou art revelling in a wanton female's ſmiles, whilſt my deſpair's unthought of, or thy jeſt !—O death ! lend me thine aid, open thy friendly habitation, and entomb a wretch, who is weary of exiſtence ! (*reclines her head on her hand.*)

*Enter* PASTOR.

What ! my fair penitent ! ſtill mournful ! ſtill dubious of the all-working hand of Providence ! Let me

intreat you not to add to your failings, a diſtruſt of his merciful goodneſs.

*Jul.* Worthy Sir! to a ſoul that has never deviated from rectitude and virtue, the cheering beams of hope may be admitted; but to that of a fallen wretch, deſpondency is beſt ſuited. What can I hope for who have deſpis'd the virtuous ends for which I was created, and brought ſhame on my own, and my hapleſs offſpring's head?—Tell me, what have *I* to hope for?

*Paſt.* Pardon from him who can alone beſtow it! But yielding to deſpair, is doubting both his power and mercy.—Look up! a life of conſtant virtue can never be totally eclips'd by one ſpeck of erring nature.

*Enter* SERVANT.

A gentleman, who ſays he is a ſtranger, wiſhes the honour of a private interview.

*Paſt.* A ſtranger! what buſineſs can he have with me? no matter—ſhew him up.——(*Exit Servant.*)—Dear Julietta, leave me for a while—my wife awaits you in my ſtudy, where, as ſoon as this ſtranger is diſpatch'd, I'll join you.

*(She wakes the child, embraces it, and exit)*

*Enter* LORD STANTON.

Excuſe, Sir, this intruſion from a ſtranger.—Truſting to report of your humanity and benevolence, I have called to conſult you on a buſineſs which intimately concerns the peace and happineſs, not only of myſelf, but of others whom you know—

*Paſt.* Your confidence does me honour, Sir—pray be ſeated.—We are in private, and I am all attention to what you ſhall pleaſe to communicate.

*Lord Stan.* You know the Latouche family?

*Paſt.* I have reaſon, Sir.

*Lord Stan.* To his brave ſon I am indebted for no leſs than life! the circumſtances you will know hereafter. He accompanied me this morning.

*Paſt.* Indeed, Sir! after ſo long abſence, without any tidings, the whole village ſuppos'd him dead.

*Lord Stan.* He is return'd, adorn'd with every virtue that falls to human lot; return'd! eager to ſolace his aged, honour'd parent! but he finds him over-

whelmed with diſtreſs—the reaſons you are already too well acquainted with.

*Paſt.* I am, indeed!

*Lord Stan.* The old man's ſtory affected *me* beyond what *you can gueſs*. His hapleſs daughter receiv'd, he told me, that aſylum from *your* humanity, which *his* obdurate heart denied her.

*Paſt.* I behaved towards her, as that maſter, whoſe religion I profeſs, taught me it was my duty to do.

*Lord Stan.* He will reward you ——— Permit me, Sir, (tis not from idle curioſity) to aſk the ſequel of that unhappy fair one's ſtory.

*Paſt.* Her father's pride remaining inflexible, and his door ſhut againſt her, I offered her an aſylum which ſhe accepted. A long time ſhe waited in anxious hopes that her ſeducer (whom ſhe too well lov'd) would haſten back to clear her fame and honour—but in vain. Perceiving deſpondency begin to take place, I, joined by my wife, endeavoured to keep alive thoſe hopes. For ſome time we ſucceeded. At length deſpair, gaining the aſcendency, took full poſſeſſion—herſelf and tender infant became the victims.

*Lord Stan.* Gracious heaven! ſupport me. (*ſobs aloud.*)

*Paſt.* You ſeem much mov'd.

*Lord Stan.* I am, indeed! Did you obſerve whether ſhe ever wore about her, or had in her poſſeſſion, any pledge, or mark of affection given her by her ſeducer?

*Paſt.* (*Heſitatingly*) I don't immediately recollect.

*Lord Stan.* Did ſhe not ſay he was an Engliſhman of high birth?

*Paſt.* He told her ſo.

*Lord Stan.* Becauſe ſuch token might lead to a diſcovery—I am, myſelf, an Engliſhman of ſome little diſtinction, and might recognize him by it.

*Paſt.* (*after a pauſe of recollection*) If I'm not miſtaken, I think I've ſeen her wear a ring.

*Lord Stan.* *A ring!* Have you it? Can you ſhew it me?

*Paſt.* I think I can; wait one moment; I'll try to find it. (*Exit*)

*Lord Stan.* *(ſolus, riſing up)* 'Tis ſo: That ring I gave her at parting, and pledg'd with it my honor—*honor!* that word from my lips! a villain's lips! Oh! it was honorable to ſeduce an artleſs, innocent, lovely girl, and then leave her till ſhe fell a prey to deſpair and ſhame? that word "*Honor*" pronounced by my lips was a helliſh falſehood utter'd to deceive and ruin a credulous fair, who lov'd, alas! too well!—Shame! ſhame!—where can I ſeek for excuſe? Will the frequency of the crime ſerve! No—Murder is murder ſtill how oft ſoever perpetrated. Is it puniſhable? No.—Men of the higheſt rank commit, countenance, nay boaſt of it? Why then ſhould *I* be thus agitated? Something will not reſt here, *(his heart)* and tho' the *world* may not call me *villain*, makes *me* know myſelf to be *one*.

*Re-enter* PASTOR.

*Paſt.* Here is the ring!

*Lord Stan.* It is, it is, indeed, *the ring*! *(Sinking, the Paſtor catches him in his arms and conveys him to a chair.)*

*Paſt.* What means all this? What diſturbs *you* thus? Do *you* know the *ring*?

*Lord Stan.* Oh, Sir! you are already, no doubt, much ſurpris'd! but you will be more ſo, when I tell you that that ring was—*mine!* that the villain who ſeduced the lovely Julietta, is now——*before you!*

*Paſt.* Before me!

*Lord Stan.* 'Tis too true.—I'll endeavour to compoſe myſelf ſufficiently to be able to lay open my guilty conſcience to your ſtricteſt ſcrutiny.

*Paſt.* *(aſide)* Gracious God! how wonderful are thy works!

*Lord Stan.* About eight years ſince, my father ſent me to make the grand tour of Europe. Having a taſte for painting, I would not neglect to view the pictureſque mountains and vallies of Switzerland. I arrived at this ſpot—going one fine morning to view the beauties of nature, heightened by the riſing ſun, I met the lovely Julietta in ſearch of ſome ſtray lambs—I admired and accoſted her; her anſwers, full of ſweetneſs and ſimplicity, enchanted my youthful mind, then of a romantic turn. At parting ſhe told me, that ſhe alone

attended an aged parent, who impatiently expected her return. Her filial piety endeared her ſo much to me, that I could ſcarce check myſelf from offering to ſhare that amiable taſk with her—with difficulty, I obtained her promiſe to ſee me again at the ſame ſpot. She kept her word—we grew intereſting to each other—interview ſucceeded interview—till firmly perſuaded of my truth and honour, ſhe *yielded!!*—How could her unſuſpecting mind eſcape contagion! I paſs'd the time as in a dream of happineſs; till I was rous'd by the arrival of a courier from my father, with a letter announcing that his dangerous ſtate of health threatened a ſpeedy diſſolution, and commanding me to loſe no time in haſtening home—I had ſcarce courage to tell the tidings to Julietta, who receiv'd them as I expected—*in an agony of grief*—I endeavour'd to ſoothe her by a promiſe of returning ſo ſoon as my father ſhould recover, or I ſhould have cloſed his eyes. Obliged to depart—I gave her that ring as a pledge of my *honour!*—On my arrival in England, I found my father on the recovery, he lingered out ſome years, while I, in vain, ſtrove to deaden reflection by joining the vortex of faſhionable diſſipation. After his death, I became Lord Stanton; the ſettlement of his affairs required my longer ſtay; I finiſhed with all ſpeed—and ſat out, hoping to find my Julietta ſtill alive, and to make her lawful reparation for her injured fame—by *marriage.*

*Paſt.* By marriage, my Lord!—(*after a long pauſe, with a very ſolemn accent*) as Heaven is your witneſs, was *that* your intention?

*Lord Stan.* Heaven is my witneſs, it was.——On the journey my life was preſerv'd by her brother, who was then on his return home; hearing this was his native place, I took him with me in my chaiſe. He told me why he left his home—I lov'd him for his courage, truth and conſtancy; and, as my fortune is immenſe, I experienced the moſt heartfelt joy to think I could not only pay my debt of gratitude to my preſerver, by enabling him to marry the girl he ador'd, but alſo ſurprize my Julietta with wealth and honour, Judge, then, my feelings, when I found all theſe glorious proſ-

pects blighted at once by my Julietta's death, and the knowledge that I was the murderer of the ſiſter of the man to whom I owed my own exiſtence—*(to the Paſtor, who appears thoughtful throughout this ſpeech)* nay, Sir, do not add to my diſtreſſes by doubting my ſincerity—by Heaven! I've ſpoken truth.

*Paſt.* (*after a pauſe*) Have you, my Lord, ever mentioned this to Old Latouche, or his ſon?

*Lord Stan.* No—when I heard the old man's mournful ſtory, its reſemblance to that of mine and Julietta's inſtantly ſtruck me. I retired to reflect; and endeavoured to hope his ſorrows were not cauſed by me—now that hope is baniſh'd. You have ſeal'd the fatal certainty.

*Paſt.* I'm glad you did not tell them; as what is paſſed cannot be recalled, the diſcovery would now only ſerve to open the ſear'd wound, and make it bleed afreſh. For your offence to Julietta, penitence muſt make your peace with Heaven. *She* has already forgiven you!

*Lard Stan.* Oh! oh!

*Paſt.* What recompence you ought to make to the living objects, you have injured, I need not dictate to you. If, by your means, Young Latouche may eſpouſe Polaco's daughter, you will have done what lies in your power to diſcharge your debt of gratitude to *him*; and the old man, having his ſon's proſperity and happineſs daily before his eyes, may be beguil'd of part of his ſorrows.—Perhaps, I ſpeak too freely?

*Lord Stan.* Sir, I thank you for giving me, *ſo freely*, what I came to ask—*your advice.* I had deſign'd to have made a full confeſſion of my guilt ſo ſoon as I received its confirmation from you; to do it *now*, I agree with you, would be imprudent. For myſelf—withdrawn from the world, I'll penance out the reſidue of my life in pray'rs to Heaven and Julietta for forgiveneſs. My fortune, this paper (*gives a folded paper to the Paſtor*) leaves entirely to your diſpoſal. Give of it, what you may think neceſſary to the happineſs of Latouche's injured family. The reſt beſtow in ſuch charitable uſes as your benevolence may dictate.

*Paſt.* I cannot now entertain a ſingle doubt of your being a ſincere penitent (*riſing, embraces him*) you have done all that *now* remains in your power to do. As to this paper, your confidence in me will not be miſplac'd

*Lord Stan.* I am ſure it will not. (*pauſe*) I have yet another requeſt to make; if it be proper, I am confident, you will not, cannot deny it me.

*Paſt.* Certainly not.

*Lord Stan.* 'Tis, to be ſhewn the ſpot where the remains of my much lov'd, much injur'd Julietta, and child are depoſited. There let me pay the tribute of my tears, and then withdraw——forever!—

*Paſt.* My Lord, as you have given me convincing proofs that your penitence is ſincere, you ſhall approach their tomb. But, ſince you have agreed to keep the matter ſecret, you muſt not go by day; retire to my own apartment, there you'll find books, and no one interrupt you. At dark, I'll convey you to the Chapel, which adjoins this houſe, there I ſhall leave you to your meditations.

*Lord Stan.* Heaven bleſs you!

*Paſt.* Now, my Lord, give me leave to ſhew you to my chamber. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE ——*A Library.*

JULIETTA *and* CHILD, *diſcover'd.*

*Jul.* Heavens! what can be the reaſon of my beating heart ſounding theſe ſtrong alarms? Why this uneaſineſs! Who can this ſtranger be? What is he to me? Yet, why did the Rev. Paſtor aſk me for my *ring?* Sure, *I* muſt have been the ſubject of their converſation, or he never would have aſk'd me for that ſacred pledge—and with a look full of meaning? What can ail me?—

*Child.* Mama, are you ill? Why do you talk to yourſelf ſo, and look! I don't know how?

*Jul.* Nothing, dear! I only feel a little faint, go, fetch me a glaſs of water, I ſhall ſoon be well.

*Child.* I don't like to leave you alone; what would become of you, if you ſhould be taken ill again and nobody near you?

*Jul.* My life! I am better already—go, get me the

water, I ſhall not be alone, I think I hear the Paſtor coming—Go, my love !——— (*kiſſes the child and leads him to the left ſide of the ſtage— liſtens*) 'tis—I know his ſtep ! ſurely this trembling forewarns me of ſomething that I'm nearly concern'd in.

*Enter* PASTOR, (*with complacent*)

Well, Julietta, how are your ſpirits ? Do you feel more compos'd ſince our laſt converſation ?

*Jul.* Not much, Sir. (*aſide*) He never before approach'd me with a ſmile, nor would he now inſult a broken heart with untim'd mirth ; ſure he muſt bring ſome comfort.

*Paſt.* (*taking her hand*) Julietta—do not be alarmed ; you muſt ſummon up your utmoſt fortitude ; I've news to tell you which will require it, although it will prove a conſolation.

*Jul.* I am ſure it cannot be for grief you thus bid me prepare, becauſe your looks are pleaſant. After ſo many trials, methinks, Sir, you need not doubt my fortitude—I am ready.

*Paſt.* The ſtranger has brought news—

*Jul.* (*eagerly*) Of whom ?

*Paſt.* Of your brother ! he is arriv'd !

*Jul.* (*withdrawing her hand, ſeemingly diſappointed and chagrined*) Was *that*—what he had to communicate to you ?

*Paſt.* It was ; I haſten'd to tell you, what I tho't joyful tidings ; but they don't ſeem to give you much ſatisfaction.

*Jul.* (*after a ſtruggle, in which a ſenſe of her own ſituation predominates over joy for her brother's ſafe return*)—What is it to a wretch like me ? wherefore ſhould I joy to hear of a brother's arrival ? will he fly to embrace *me* as a *brother* would a *ſiſter ?* No—he will ſhrink from my touch as from a peſtilential vapour ! on his firſt enquiry, his ears will be ſaluted with *my* ill fame ; his poor, loſt, degraded ſiſter will riſe from the grave to ſhame him, " with all her faults, by envy twice o'ertold."—No—let me ſtill be ſuppos'd dead.

*Paſt.* You love your brother ?

*Jul.* I do, more than life.

*Paſt.* He lov'd you?

*Jul.* He did, *once*—then I was pure and ſpotleſs. Should I now approach him?—oh! he would ſpurn me, daſh me from him, trample me under his feet! whilſt I, humbly ſuppliant, *in vain* implor'd forgiveneſs of my crime! No, I can never endure it. If I am ſuppos'd dead, my father and brother may pity—nay, perhaps, forgive, bleſs and pray for me.

*Paſt.* It will, however, be ſome conſolation to you to hear of your brother's ſucceſs.—He has preſerv'd the life of a man, whoſe gratitude is boundleſs as his wealth. Polaco's only objection will be eaſily remov'd, and your brother will very ſoon enjoy his belov'd Valence and affluence.

*Jul.* It is, indeed, a conſolation! happy brother! happy, happy Valence! you will ſoon receive the reward of *virtuous* love!—While *I*—wretched, deſpis'd, abandon'd!—oh, horror! I cannot bear—my very ſoul ſhudders at the contraſt!

*Paſt.* Nay, pray be calm.

*Jul.* How would my ſoul ſpring out to meet a brother's embrace! but no—it cannot be—

*Paſt.* Conſider, Julietta, your brother's abſence made him long ago thought loſt. Providence has preſerved him! Doubt you he can alſo cauſe the author of your woes, ſtruck by horrific conſcience, to return and make *you* reparation?

*Jul.* *(in an agony of deſpair)* He never will return!—Men deſpiſe an eaſy conqueſt. Their appetites, pall'd by enjoyment, muſt be rouſed by variety! woeful's the experience I have bought.—A ſimple Swiſs ruſtic was not to be the wife of an Engliſh man of faſhion. No; he now flutters through the gay, thoughtleſs circles of high life, or, perhaps, has long ſince given to ſome *rich lady* that faithleſs hand which belong'd of right to *poor Julietta*!—Fool! artleſs fool, that I was! to ſtake my all—my reputation, againſt a man's promiſes!

*Paſt.* Here is your ring again, *(gives it her)* did you not wonder why I aſk'd it of you?

*Jul.* I did, indeed.

*Paſt.* Attend! The ſtranger who came juſt now, was the perſon whoſe life your brother ſav'd! He is, by birth, an Engliſhman.

*Jul.* An Engliſhman!

*Paſt.* Yes, of noble family.

*Jul.* And he too, perhaps, like my undoer, ſatiated in his own country, comes to theſe rude vallies in queſt of variety—another cormorant in ſearch of prey, to give a new edge to his ſickly appetite! O! may my hapleſs fate prove a warning! may the example of the undone Julietta ſerve as a beacon to other females!

*Paſt.* The ſtranger anxiouſly enquired if you had any token of your ſeducer's—your ring ſtruck me immediately; he knew it, he knew your ſeducer!

*Jul.* Knew him?

*Paſt.* Yes; was intimately acquainted with him; nay more—was deſir'd to enquire you out!

*Jul.* By whom?

*Paſt.* By your *huſband!* for ſuch he acknowledges himſelf.—He will ſoon, *very ſoon*, be here, in perſon, to do you that public juſtice, your injur'd fame demands.

*Jul.* You cannot mean to deceive me! 'tis not in your character of Paſtor, nor of a man!—'tis not in your nature!

*Paſt.* 'Tis not, be aſſured—compoſe yourſelf; ſoon will the clouds, that have obſcur'd your reputation, blow away; and honor's ſunſhine brighten all the proſpect.

*Jul.* O Heavens!

*Paſt.* Soon will you receive again the endearing embraces of a tender father—a loving brother—and a—repentant huſband!

*Jul.* This is—too much! (*ſinking.*)

*Paſt.* (*ſupporting her*) Nay, let not your fortitude *now* forſake you; you have borne up againſt *adverſity*—learn to ſupport *proſperity*.

*Jul.* (*kneeling*) Merciful Providence! why did I ever diſtruſt thy wond'rous workings! why deſpair, knowing thy power to be over all! pardon! pardon!

*Paſt.* (*raiſing her*) Now, Julietta, how do you feel?

*Jul.* Quite reſign'd. If you have any thing more to communicate, fear not—the greateſt ſhock is paſt.

*Paſt.* Perhaps not; tho' what you've heard is wonderful; yet arm yourſelf for what is—*more* ſo!

*Jul.* What can it be?

*Paſt.* The ſtranger handed me this paper---read---

*(gives her the paper which Lord Stanton gave him)*

*Juli.* (*reads*) "As ſome reparation due to the family of the injur'd Julietta---I hereby give into the diſpoſal of the Paſtor of Soleure, all my eſtate, real and perſonal, in truſt for the Latouche family, and ſuch other charitable uſes as his humane heart may dictate.

LORD STANTON."

---Who is Lord Stanton?

*Paſt.* That is your huſband's name and title, ſince his father's deceaſe.

*Jul.* Why does he ſend this paper?

*Paſt.* He knows not but you are *dead;* and this is meant as an atonement to your injur'd family. ——— Now, once for all, be prepar'd! the ſtranger, who juſt now left me, is that Lord Stanton! your huſband!

*Jul.* Oh! Heaven's! *(ſinks into the Paſtor's arms.)*

*Curtain falls, ſlowly.*

END OF 2d ACT.

## ACT III.

SCENE. *Garden back of Polaco's houſe.*

*Enter* VALENCE.

How heavily the time paſſes with a young girl, between the appointment and meeting with her lover! Every minute ſeems an hour! an age! O! Latouche! why ſhould two hearts ſo united as ours be oblig'd to ſeek communion by ſtealth! or why wear any other ſhackles than their own? Hark! I hear footſteps! that odious Grandee, perhaps---(*looking out*) no---as I live, 'tis my father! what buſineſs can he have at this time? ſure he cannot ſuſpect any thing.

*Enter* POLACO.

*Pol.* Ha! Valence, what brings you here?

*Val.* The fineneſs of the evening, Sir. A garden is a charming place for meditation; and I was taking a walk to conſider of what you were ſaying to me to-day.

*Pol.* Well, and what do you think of it?

*Val.* Why, Sir, 'tis no very eaſy matter to determine; that I love Young Latouche, you know very well; and that I love you, Sir, you know alſo. You muſt make ſome allowance for the ſtruggle between love and duty.

*Pol.* True, child; and to which ſide do you now ſeem to incline?

*Val.* To duty, certainly, (*coaxingly*) I did, indeed, heſitate awhile, but when I came to conſider, and put wealth and grandeur into the balance, why—love kick'd the beam.

*Pol.* (*aſide*) Deceitful baggage! Well, my dear child, I am glad you have made ſo prudent a determination, and ſo kind a return to all my regard and tenderneſs. But won't you endanger your health by walking ſo late in the evening? Come, you had better go in with me.

*Val.* O no, dear Sir! I wiſh to be retir'd a little; and, as I have given up my own happineſs to conſult yours, you wo'n't, I am ſure, deny me ſuch a trifle?

*Pol.* Certainly not, my child, I'll leave you to your meditations; good bye; don't ſtay long, his Highneſs expects you, bye, my dear, (*aſide*) deceitful huſſey! I'd like to have been chous'd here, however I've eſcap'd, and it ſhall not be many hours before I have ſatisfaction.

[*Exit.*

*Val.* He's gone, thank Heaven! why will Parents force their children into deceit; but if the glaring examples of unhappineſs which they daily bring upon them be not ſufficient warning, why they deſerve to be deceiv'd. The Sun begins to decline, how ſtrange that his cheering preſence ſhould be diſpleaſing to the eyes of lovers.—— I think by this time Latouche muſt be at the place; and if no dæmon, envious of true lover's happineſs, comes acroſs us; this might free me, my dear Papa, from every juriſdiction but that of a *huſband's!*

[*Exit.*

SCENE. *Wood.*

*Enter* CHAPONE *and two* RUFFIANS.

*Chap.* Now, lads, the time is near at hand that is to reward us for all our toils. The appointment was at ſun ſet; tis very nigh; he'll ſoon be here, for lovers always anticipate. The thickneſs of the wood is as favourable to our purſuits as to their's; once in view, we may ſteal upon him unperceiv'd; and when you ſee him in a penſive, defenceleſs poſition, then is your time; ruſh on and ſecure him. I will be cloſe at hand; and if he makes any ſtruggle, this ſettles the buſineſs.

(*pointing to his ſword.*)

1*ſt Ruff.* Well, well, let us alone to ſeize him; but if he reſiſts, ſee you ſtrike quick; we don't much like this job; he's a damn'd bad cuſtomer in our way; better ſettle a buſineſs of this kind with twenty quiet, civil gentlemen, than with one ſuch curs'd reſolute, fighting fellow.

*Chap.* But you know we are three to one, with an ambuſcade in our favour.

2*d Ruff.* That's true; ſo hang fear, I ſay!

*Chap.* Let us now diſperſe a little on the look out; and when either of us gets a glimpſe of him; we come together again. [*Exeunt different ſides.*

*Enter* YOUNG LATOUCHE.

It is juſt with an affair of love, as with a point of honor, each party is anxious to be on the ground firſt. I believe I have won the point this time; though I don't doubt but poor Valence is as eager as myſelf; but, perhaps, ſhe cannot elude the vigilance of her old father! Now, Fortune! be conſtant to me this night, and veer to whatever point of the compaſs thou pleaſeſt ever after!—Hark!—didn't I hear ſome one—No, all's huſh—'twas only the wind, or my tip-toe fancy—Perhaps I'm before my time——

*Enter* CHAPONE *and* RUFFIANS.

*Two* RUFFIANS *ruſh on and ſeize* YOUNG LATOUCHE, *one on each ſide,* CHAPONE *follows.*

*Chap.* Not a minute; we've expected you ſome time, tho' we knew you were too polite to diſappoint us;

you're heartily welcome. (*to Ruffians*) Conduct this gentleman to the place appointed for his reception.

*Young Lat.* O Fortune! thou curſed jilt! thou haſt undone me; and that drunken villain Blanco muſt have entic'd me into this ſnare.

*1ſt Ruff.* Come, Sir, come along. We'll ſhow you a neat ſnug habitation for the *night*.

*Young Lat.* Perdition ſeize me e're I yield ſo tamely; villains! ruffians! (*ſtruggles.*)

*Enter* BLANCO (*behind*)

*Blan.* What three to one! dam'me, that's too bad!

*Chap.* Nay, if you ſtruggle, this ſettles the buſineſs. (*draws his ſword*)

*Blan.* Not if I can hinder it, you damn'd villain!

(*As ſoon as Chapone's ſword is out, Blanco ruſhes on him from behind, trips up his heels, the ſword flies out of his hand—Blanco ſeizes it, and is going to attack the Ruffians, who run off, Chapone gets up & does the ſame—Young Latouche turning, ſees Blanco in a ſtriking poſture.*)

*Young. Lat.* What, villain! art thou alone left to finiſh the infernal deed?

*Blan.* Heavens! his honor! how happy am I that I came in the drawing of a cork to ſave you!

*Young Lat.* To *ſave me!* why, are you not leagued with theſe Ruffians? was not the meſſage you brought me to day a falſhood to draw me into their power, and do you not now brandiſh that weapon to complete your villainy?

*Blan.* This weapon fell from the hands of one of the aſſaſſins, who was going to plunge it into your breaſt when I overpowered him—(*kneels*) take it! and if you doubt the honeſty of my heart—here (*opening his breaſt*) 'twere kindneſs to rip it out.

*Young Lat.* (*Throwing away the ſword, and raiſing him*) Confuſion! that I ſhould ſuſpect *thee!* but having fallen into this ſnare, I could not but ſuppoſe *thee* falſe.—How came you here?

*Blan.* Heaven, and our good Paſtor ſent me!

*Young Lat.* Then thank heaven, our good Paſtor and thee, my brave fellow!

*Blan.* I have had a pretty hard days work on't—

and, as your honor, and the ſweet lady I gave your letter to, this morning, paid me ſo very liberally, I ſat down with a determination to recruit my *ſpirits*—ſo as I was ſitting with my bottle before me, thinking that if your honor was ſo pleaſed, I would rather run of errands for you and your ſweet lady, than draw ſour wine for our landlord, (who, by the bye, is a damn'd old ſcoundrel, and not like old Joſefo, whom your honor knew)—who ſhould pop in but our Paſtor. He aſked for you—I told him you were gone out on a *little private buſineſs*—but I would'nt blab; for I remembered your charge to be *faithful*—then ſays the Paſtor, "if you know where he is, go to him; charge him by all his hopes of happineſs—by filial duty, and every earthly tie, to haſten to my houſe—If he neglects, he may have cauſe to repent it forever."

*Young Lat.* What could he mean?

*Blan.* I know not; but he ſpoke ſo ſolemnly, that down goes glaſs, and away goes I—and as I knew from the meſſage I delivered you to day, where to find you, I ſcamper'd off as faſt as I could; and though I loſt ſight of the Play, came in time for the Entertainment.

*Young Lat.* *In time*, indeed! Blanco forgive my ſuſpicions; give me your hand. From this moment you are my friend.

*Blan.* Oh Lord! no—not that—but if you'll make me your gentleman—your valet—coachman, or—*butler*, I ſhould like beſt———

VALENCE *(without)*

Latouche! Latouche!

*Young Lat.* Hark! I hear a noiſe.

*Blan.* Perhaps the villains have got a reinforcement, and are going to renew the battle.

*Val.* (*without*) Latouche!

*Young Lat.* 'Tis my Valence's voice— yonder ſhe comes—now, Blanco, follow us to the Paſtor's, and name your own reward—

*Enter* VALENCE.

My life! my Valence! *(embraces her)*

*Val.* Oh, my dear Latouche, I'm glad I've found you—juſt as I enter'd the wood, I ſaw that villain,

whom you chaſtis'd this morning, and two others running towards our houſe with the utmoſt ſpeed—I fear'd they had contriv'd ſome miſchief againſt you—

*Young Lat.* Aye, and were very near executing it too—but for this brave fellow, we had been ſeparated forever—but come; we have no time to loſe; he will bring your father and his ſervants about us directly—let's away this inſtant!

*Val.* Whither?

*Young Lat.* To the Paſtor's—he has ſent for me on buſineſs of the utmoſt importance—*(ſhe heſitates)* nay, my love, don't affect coyneſs now—one moment's delay may be fatal—come—the Paſtor will ſoon ſettle our differences—Blanco will begin his new employment, and follow us. [*Exeunt Y. Lat. and Val.*

*Blan.* That I will to the world's end, ye pretty pair of turtle doves! But firſt let me ſecure the ſpoils of war (*picks up the ſword which Latouche threw away*) this is mine by right of conqueſt. Well, I have often tried my hand at a bottle—but, dam'me, if I ever knew before that it was good at a tilting match.—I ſee that a man may live many years before he finds out all his own good qualities. [*Exit.*

SCENE. *A Chamber in Paſtor's houſe.*

*Enter* PASTOR *and* JULIETTA.

*Paſt.* Well, do you think you have collected ſufficient ſtrength to go through with your undertaking?

*Jul.* It will be a moſt difficult taſk, though I know the end to be peace, joy, and happineſs.—I feel that notwithſtanding all the pangs he has cauſed me, it is not in my nature to give him a moment's uneaſineſs. Let me intreat you however to be at hand, for I feel my reſolution will quickly vaniſh.

*Paſt.* I ſhall—I have beſpoke the preſence of all the other gueſts, and only wait their arrival to inſtruct them how to play their parts in the laſt grand ſcene. Do you go and tutor the child, while I get all elſe in readineſs.

*(Exit Julietta.*

*Paſt. (ſolus)* Now, I wiſh that my viſitors were all come. I have much to go thro' to night; but as the

peace of ſo many depend upon my exertions, I hope I ſhall be able to finiſh with a coup d'eclat.

*Enter Young* LATOUCHE, VALENCE, *and* BLANCO.

Eh! my young friend, I'm heartily glad to ſee you. I call'd at the Inn, but was inform'd you were gone out. Did you receive my meſſage?

*Young Lat.* Yes, and a moſt fortunate one it was! This honeſt fellow who brought it, came juſt in time to reſcue me from the ſwords of three aſſaſſins, who way-laid me.

*Paſt.* Fortunate indeed! Do you know who the villains are?

*Young Lat.* Yes, and I ſhall pay their bill of exchange at firſt ſight; but at preſent, I have more material buſineſs. This, Sir, is my intended wife; pleaſe Heaven and you to join us. (*Preſenting* VALENCE.)

*Paſt.* Heaven bleſs you both.

*Val.* Thank you, Sir.

*Young Lat.* If you are at leiſure, Sir, VALENCE and I would have no objection to the ceremony's being perform'd out of hand, eh! VALENCE? nay, never look down; as we are in for matrimony, we may as well put a good face on't.

*Paſt.* I have but one objection to your haſte, and that is— (*Enter Servant, haſtily.*)

POLACO, with a number of people are below, Sir; he ſays he is in purſuit of his daughter, who is run away with by Young *Latouche*, and that they have been ſeen to enter this houſe.

*Paſt.* Shew him up, I wiſh to ſee him. [*Exit Ser.*

*Val.* O LATOUCHE, we are undone!

*Paſt.* Don't be alarm'd, my child! I ſhall find means to aſſuage your father's anger, and, perhaps, gain his conſent to your happineſs.

*Enter* POLACO *and* CHAPONE.

*Pol.* So, here you are, Miſs! this is your prudent determination, after your ſtruggle between love and duty, is it? but you ſee I am pretty cloſe at your heels. (*To Paſtor*) Sir, a man of your character and function will not, I ſuppoſe, encourage the diſobedience of children to their parents?

*Paſt.* Never, Sir. Your daughter came here a few minutes ago—but entirely unexpected by me. There ſhe is at your diſpoſal.

*Pol.* Then they are *not* married?

*Paſt.* No, nor ever will be by me, without the conſent of parents on both ſides.

*Pol.* Thank heaven! Then, Mrs. *Love and Duty!* I ſhall make bold to exert that authority which I ſtill have over you. You *ſhall* have a huſband to night; but one of *my* chooſing; and that will not be a ſoldier, I promiſe you—ſo come along, (*pulling her from Young Latouche.*)

*Paſt.* Hold, a little. One word with you, if you pleaſe.

*Pol.* As many as *you* pleaſe, now I have ſecur'd my runaway. *Words* can't get her from me; tho,' egad, *heels* had like to have done it.

*Paſt.* Have you any other objection to this young man (*pointing to Young Latouche*) for a ſon in law, beſides his want of fortune?

*Pol.* None. What other objection need I have? Want of fortune is want of—dam'me, what is'n't it want of?

*Paſt.* If I underſtand you right, then—provided he can *bid* as fair for her, as any other perſon, you will conſent he ſhall have her?

*Pol.* Why, look'ye, Sir, as I believe my daughter loves him, and he loves my daughter, I'm not ſo unreaſonable as to oppoſe *their wiſhes*, ſo their wiſhes do not oppoſe *my intereſt*. I like the young fellow very well—he's ſpirited! but that alone won't do for Polaco! How the devil ſhould *he* bid for my daughter? I'm ſure his father can't furniſh the *wherewithal*?

*Paſt.* What ſignifies, ſo he has it? what portion do you require?

*Pol.* Twenty Thouſand Crowns; his Highneſs has engaged to give me a *mortgage* on his eſtates for that ſum, with intereſt till paid.

*Paſt.* The *caſh*, Polaco, is better, is it not?

*Pol.* Put it down, and I ſhan't haggle for a bargain,

*Paſt.* Wait a moment. [*Exit Paſtor.*

*Chap.* *(fiercely)* How! *dare* you, Polaco, enter into treaty with another, after your engagement with me? and before my face!

*Pol.* Before faces, your Highneſs, or behind backs, all's one to Polaco. I may do as I pleaſe with my own child, I ſuppoſe. Your *mortgage* may be *very good*—but the *ready* is a dev'liſh deal *better!*

*Chap.* Inſolent! (*walks up the ſtage in a paſſion.*)

*Re-enter* PASTOR, *ſhewing in* Lord STANTON.

*Paſt.* This is the young lady's father *(pointing to Polaco.)*

*Lord Stan.* Twenty thouſand Crowns, you ſay, will purchaſe your conſent to this couple's happineſs?

*Pol.* I ſaid it, and will ſtand to it—beſides I'll double it on the nail; Polaco's no flincher!

*Lord Stan.* Go—give them your bleſſing—I'll give them the money.

*Pol.* Aye, but who the devil are *you*?

*Chap.* (*coming down*) Aye, who the devil are *you?* [*Starts*

*Lord Stan.* *(Looking at Chapone with ſurpriſe)* Aye, ſure it is—the very villain! (*to Chapone*) And who the devil are *you?*

*Chap.* (*aſide*) Hell and furies! my maſter!

*Lord Stan.* Let that villain be inſtantly ſecur'd.

*Chap.* *(falling on his knees)* Pardon me, my Lord, and I'll do whatever you pleaſe.

*Pol.* (*aſide*) My Lord! hey! what the devil's here? *(to Chapone)* what, your Highneſs on his knees again! Faith, your Spaniſh Grandees ſeem a very devout ſort of folks.

*Lord Stan.* That impoſtor is the villain, who was my ſervant, and would have robbed and aſſaſſinated me but for the interpoſition of this brave man—let him be taken into cuſtody.

*Blan.* I'll execute that commiſſion with pleaſure, *(ſeizing Chapone roughly)* your Highneſs and I ſcrap'd acquaintance together in the little wood yonder, I believe.

*Pol.* I humbly beg your Lordſhip's pardon—I was unacquainted—

*Lord Stan.* No apologies, you agree to the match?

*Pol.* That I do, your Lordſhip—let it be done inſtantly. There *(joins Young Lat. and Valence's hands)* Heaven bleſs you. [*Exit*, Lord Stan. I've now got a ſon in law of ſpirit! (*to Chapone*) Your Highneſs! ha! ha! ha! Oh, you damn'd ſneaking raſcal!

*Young Lat.* Blanco, do ſee that villain ſecur'd?

*Pol.* Yes, Blanco, do attend his *Highneſs*. What a damn'd old fool I have been.

*Blan.* Yes, I'll attend his Highneſs for old acquaintance ſake—come, get up—I believe your Highneſs' eſtate is already ſo deeply *mortgaged*, that its not worth more than a halter. [*Exit Blanco, dragging off Chapone.*

*Paſt.* Now, my friends, I have to requeſt you to attend me on another buſineſs, which is, at preſent, ſecret; but the end of which I wiſh you to witneſs. As you have ſeen villainy detected, you will now behold virtue rewarded. Who waits?

*Enter* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Your pleaſure, Sir?

*Paſt.* Is every thing ready, as I directed?

*Serv.* All ready, Sir.

*Paſt.* Are *all* the gueſts, I mentioned to you, come?

*Ser.* *All*, Sir.

*Paſt.* Then conduct them to the different places I have aſſigned—My friends, be pleaſed to follow my ſervant; he will inſtruct you in all that is neceſſary for you to know. I have not time to do it myſelf. However, let me aſſure you, that what is paſſed will be trifling to the pleaſure that is to come.

[*Exeunt, all but Paſtor.*]

*Paſt.* (*ſolus*) Now, to conduct his Lordſhip to the Chapel, and then for the cataſtrophe!—which I have endeavoured to make as ſtriking as poſſible—and while the events of this day blazon the mercies of the Supreme Being, may they prove that virtue, however it may ſeem depreſs'd for a while, will riſe more bright and unſullied than ever! [*Exit.*

SCENE. *A Chapel.*

*A Tomb with folding doors—and a Lamp over them—on one ſide—an altar with candles on the other.*

*Enter* PASTOR, *and* Lord STANTON, *in mourning*

*Paſt.* This is the vault which contains your Julietta and child. My Lord, I ſhall now leave you to your reflections. [*Exit Paſtor.*

*Lord Stan.* (*Solemn pauſe. Looks at the tomb—turns away, puts his handkerchief to his eyes, and continues ſometime in that poſture.*) Is it to this dreary manſion, I muſt come to viſit thee, Julietta! Is *this* the meeting which I promiſed, when I took leave of thee almoſt broken hearted!—Poor, ſuffering ſaint!—look down and behold the anguiſh of thy wretched murderer! Soon do I hope to join thee; to join did I ſay? Oh, never! Thy guiltleſs ſoul ſoars where mine, contaminated and o'erloaded with crimes can never mount! (*kneels*)—— Father of mercies! compaſſionate a repentant, contrite heart! As thou knoweſt the ſincerity of my penitence, let not my ſufferings on earth be long! purify me, as thou haſt the ſaint-like Julietta; and let my ſoul, in uniſon with hers, pay THEE humble adoration. (*riſes*)—(*ſolemn muſic, as from above*) Whence ſpring thoſe heavenly ſounds? they give new life; already am I lifted from the earth, and become an ærial being—'tis—it muſt be ſo! this muſt be a gracious promiſe that my prayers are heard—Oh, Julietta, ſpirit of bliſs! when ſhall we meet again? (*Muſic again—the folding doors of the tomb are thrown open.*—Julietta *and* Child (*in white robes*) *come forth—they approach the altar, kneel, continue ſometime as in adoration—riſe and come forward. She ſees* Lord Stanton—*ſtarts! after a pauſe, advances, and holds out her hand to him.*)

*Lord Stan.* Lovely ſpirit! I thank thee for this token of thy forgiveneſs! Yes, tho' I know thine ærial ſpirit cannot be polluted by my touch;—yet will I try to graſp the beauteous ſhade! (*kneels, and takes her hand*) Gracious God! is it poſſible! Speak! ſpeak! and confirm the wonder!

*Jul.* My huſband! *(falls on his neck.)*

*Lord Stan.* Is not this a deluſion? do not my ſenſes, bewilder'd by grief, and by approaching this hallow'd ſpot, deceive me with imaginary viſions? Speak! O, ſpeak again!

*Jul.* I am, indeed—your—living Julietta!

*Lord Stan.* My child, too! (*child kneels between them*)

*Jul.* Lives to aſk your bleſſing!

*Lord Stan.* O God! O God! how little have I deſerv'd this?

*Enter* PASTOR, YOUNG LATOUCHE, VALENCE, OLD LATOUCHE *and* POLACO.

*Jul.* My brother! father too!

*Old Lat.* My daughter!

*Young Lat.* My ſiſter!

*CURTAIN FALLS.*

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